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ABSTRACT

This dual-language (Portuguese and English) collection of autobiographical writing by refugees from Angolan children and young adults living in Britain is illustrated with photographs and children's drawings and includes comprehensive country introductions. In the collection, young people give their accounts of migration and explore how their identities are changing in their new country. The writings can be a useful resource for teachers, particularly those who want to bring a global dimension to learning. Following the "Factbox" (country introduction) and a general introduction for teachers that provides historical background on Angola, the collection is divided into the following sections and each includes several writings: (1) "Lembrancas de Angola" ("Memories of Angola"); (2) "Familia" ("Family"); (3) "Guerra" ("War"); (4) "Deixando Angola" ("Leaving Angola"); (5) "A Vida na Inglaterra" ("Life in Britain"); and (6)"A Vida de Refugiado" ("Life as a Refugee"). Includes a resources section that lists books, briefing papers, fact sheets, materials on refugees, and useful addresses. (BT)

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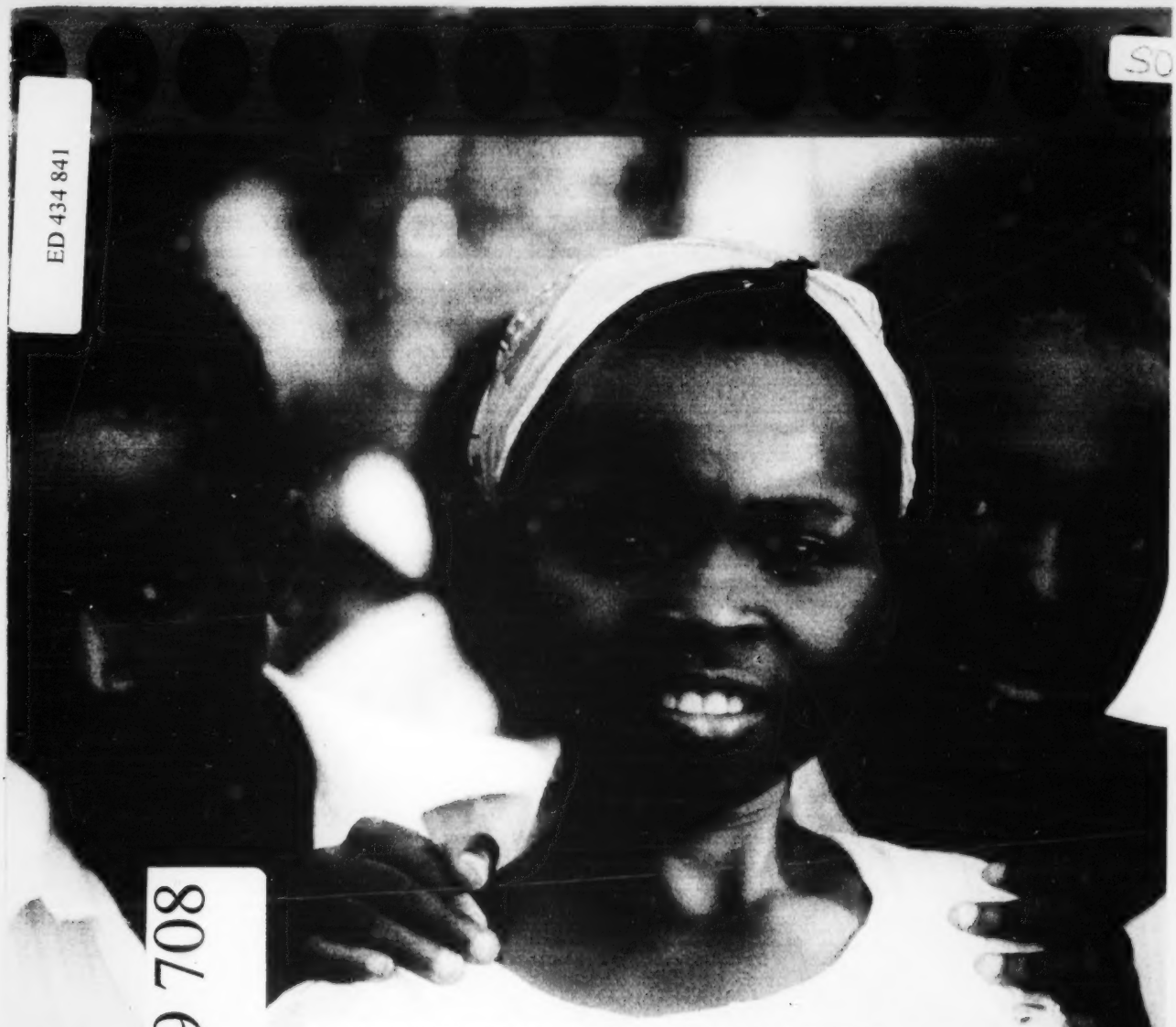

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VOZES DE ANGOLA

VOICES FROM ANGOLA

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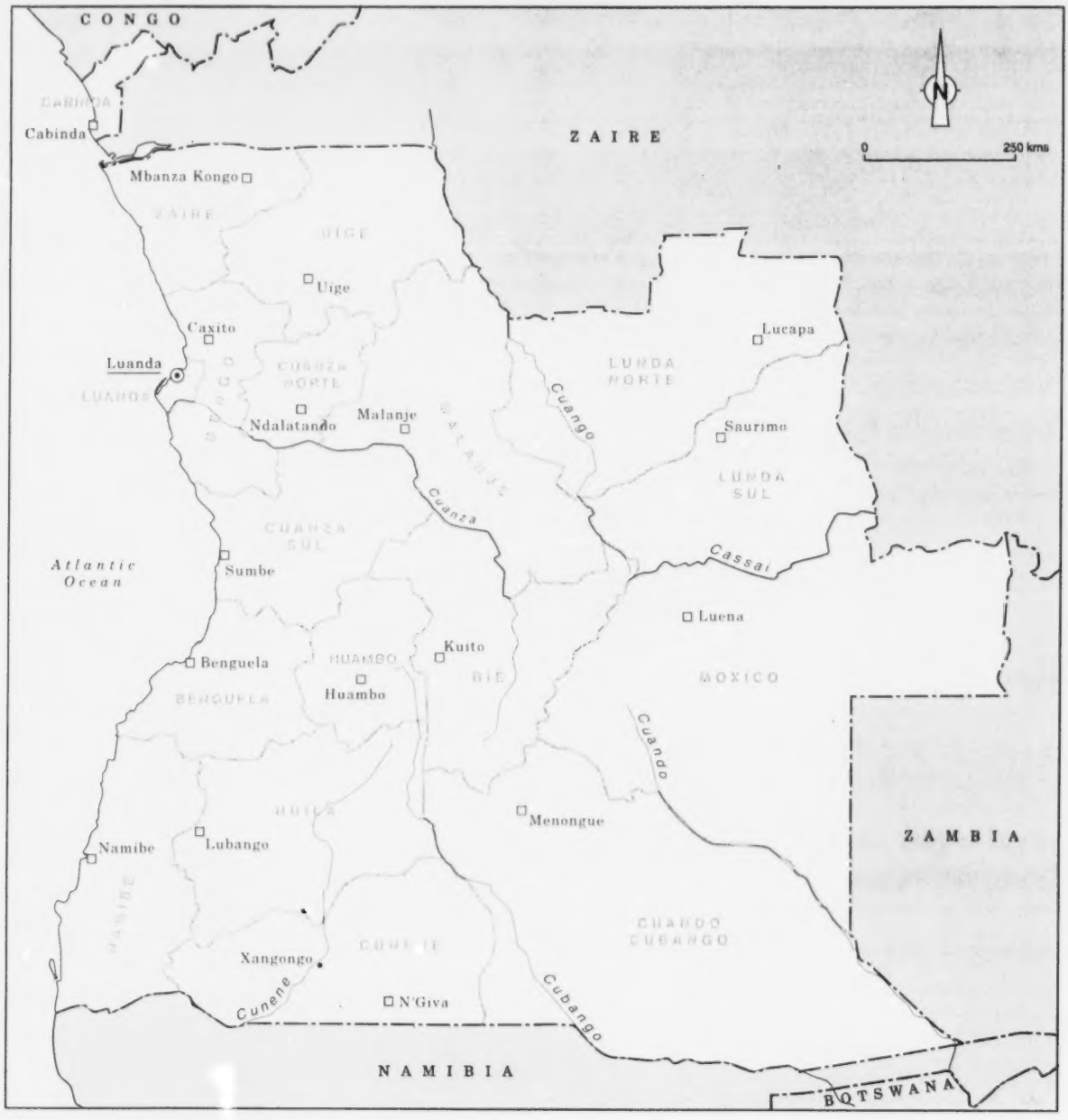
ANGOLA



KEY:

- Capital city
- Capital of province
- Major town
- Provincial boundary
- National boundary
- River

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VOICES FROM ANGOLA

Edited by Rachel Warner (Head of Education, Minority Rights Group)

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Note to teachers

These autobiographical accounts by Angolan refugees were collected in both English and Portuguese by English as a Second Language teachers in London schools and members of the Angolan community in London. Most stories were written but a few were oral accounts. They were then translated into either Portuguese, Lingala or French (some stories, if they were written or given in Portuguese, were translated into English for editing, and then the edited version translated back into Portuguese). The Portuguese was translated by an Angolan speaker of Portuguese. The contributor chose the language they wanted their story translated into. An editorial decision was made to correct the English where necessary, without losing the flavour of the original account. All contributors checked their edited accounts before inclusion and members of the Angolan community checked the book – including the introduction and fact box and map – at all stages of its production.

Suggested uses of Voices from Angola

The variation in complexity and length of the accounts makes *Voices from Angola* very suitable for use at different Key Stages (KS2, 3 and 4), although it will be most useful at Key Stages 3 and 4. It will be a valuable resource for English teachers encouraging autobiographical writing at KS2, 3 and 4. It can also be used to fulfil the requirement that pupils read texts 'with challenging subject matter that broadens perspectives and extends thinking' and 'texts drawn from a variety of cultures and traditions' (English KS2) and 'read texts from other cultures and traditions that represent their distinctive voices and forms, and offer varied perspectives and subject matter' (English KS3 and 4).

In Geography at both KS2 and KS3 pupils can study a locality/country in Africa. In any study of Angola, *Voices from Angola* could be used as a secondary source of evidence. It could also be used to support any study of the causes of migration (KS3).

In Portuguese, *Voices from Angola* could be used for cultural awareness where pupils are being given opportunities to work with 'authentic materials...from the communities of the target language', compare their own culture 'with the cultures of the countries and communities where the target language is spoken' and 'identify with the experiences and perspectives of people in these countries and communities'. It could also be used for studying Areas of Experience C (The world around us) and E (The international world).

(All references are to *The National Curriculum*, published January 1995.)

As the book raises issues of human rights, being a refugee and living in a multicultural society, it is a useful resource for the Cross Curricular theme of Education for Citizenship, particularly to support the components 'A Pluralist Society' and 'Being a Citizen'.

Voices from Angola, as a dual-text resource, will meet a pressing need for relevant materials to use with Angolan students and so will be invaluable for English as a Second language teachers at both school and adult education level, and also for community language teachers working with Angolan students.

Specific suggestions for activities using the material in *Voices from Angola* (along with *Voices from Sudan, Uganda and Zaire*) are to be found in the accompanying Activities leaflet.

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Voices from Angola forms part of the education pack, *African Voices*, which also includes *Voices from Sudan*, *Voices from Uganda* and *Voices from Zaire*.

Teachers may reproduce material in this pack for classroom use, but no part of it may be reproduced in any form, for commercial purposes without the prior express permission of Minority Rights Group.

Minority Rights Group

Minority Rights Group was founded in the 1960s. Its principal aim is to secure justice for minority (and non-dominant majority) groups suffering discrimination by:

- Researching, publishing and distributing the facts as widely as possible to raise public knowledge and awareness of minority issues worldwide;
- Advocating and publicising all aspects of the human rights of minorities, to draw attention to violations and to aid the prevention of dangerous and destructive conflicts;
- Educating, through its research, publications and schools programme on issues relating to prejudice, discrimination and group conflicts.

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ANGOLA FACTBOX

Population: 10.7 million (1994 estimate)

Capital: Luanda

Head of state: President José Eduardo dos Santos

Former colonial power: Portugal

Date of independence: 11 November 1975

Main languages: Portuguese (official), Umbundu, Kimbundu, Kikongo, Lunda. Large number of other (mainly Bantu) languages and dialects.

Main religions: Animist, traditional beliefs. Roman Catholic, Protestant, evangelical Christian religions.

GNP per head: approx $750 (1991) (Most of this comes from oil exports and is used up on military expenditure. Although the GNP is one of the highest in Africa, the vast majority of Angola's population live in conditions of great poverty.)
UK: $16,080 (1991)

Currency: New kwanza

Main exports: Crude and refined petroleum, diamonds, natural gas, shrimps, fish, coffee, mahogany and other hardwoods. The war has resulted in massively reduced exports of commodities such as salt, iron ore and manganese.

Infant mortality rate: 172 per 1,000 (1988) – the highest in the world
UK: 7 per 1,000 (1991)

Life expectancy: Men: 42.2 years; women: 45.7 years (average of recent estimates)
UK: Men: 73.1 years; women 78.8 years (average of recent estimates)

Adult (15+) literacy rate: 42.1% (average of recent estimates) Men: 47.3%; Women 37.1%
UK: 99.1% (average of recent estimates)

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Introduction for teachers

Angolans in Britain

There are believed to be around 10,000 Angolans in Britain. The overwhelming majority live in Greater London; there are no Angolan communities of any significant size in other British cities. Britain is a less favoured destination for Angolan asylum-seekers than several other European countries. In part, this is because many Angolans do not speak fluent English. Other than Portuguese, which remains Angola's official language, French is the European language most commonly spoken by Angolans. Applications for refugee status by Angolans are not viewed at all favourably by the British authorities: since the Asylum & Immigration (Appeals) Act became law in July 1993, virtually all Angolan applications have been rejected.

Angola since independence

Angola gained independence from Portugal in November 1975, after a long struggle. The country has been embroiled in civil war for almost the entire period since independence, though the media in the UK and other Western countries have paid scant attention to the conflict.

In early 1975 Portugal set up a transitional government, which involved Angola's three main nationalist movements: the People's Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA); the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA); and the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA). Of these groups, the MPLA drew its support largely from the Mbundu people of Luanda and the north-western provinces, as well as from mixed-race *mestiços*. The FNLA's domestic support was very much confined to the Bakongo people of the far north-west (the provinces of Zaire and Uige). UNITA's support base was among the Ovimbundu people of the south (Angola's largest ethnic group). Within a few weeks, fighting broke out between the three movements, and the country began to split into zones controlled by rival political armies based around their ethnic strongholds.

After a South African invasion in October 1975 – aimed at wresting the capital, Luanda, from the MPLA – was thwarted by the deployment of thousands of Cuban troops, the Cuban-backed MPLA began to extend its control to all the country's provinces. The MPLA, which received military and diplomatic support from the USSR and other Eastern bloc countries, as well as from Cuba, consolidated its hold in the ensuing years. By the late 1970s the FNLA had ceased to pose a significant military threat to the MPLA government, after the Zairean regime withdrew its support for the group.

UNITA, led by Jonas Savimbi, proved more resilient and began to establish itself in most provinces. The group managed to retain both the loyalty of huge numbers of its Ovimbundu supporters and South African military support. By 1986 UNITA had secured the active support of the Zairean regime and – crucially – the US administration, which had refused to recognise the MPLA government in 1976, and began to provide UNITA with around $30 million per year. The USA saw UNITA as an anti-communist bulwark against the Soviet-backed MPLA.

In 1988 an international agreement was reached to withdraw Cuban and South African troops from Angola. Despite this, and despite a number of peace initiatives setting out conditions for the establishment of a new apolitical armed force, fighting continued between government and UNITA troops.

In May 1991, President dos Santos and UNITA leader Savimbi signed peace accords to end the war. Elections went ahead in September 1992 under UN supervision, even though disarmament and demobilisation were far from complete. In the parliamentary elections, the MPLA won an outright victory with 54 per cent of the vote. UNITA obtained only 34 per cent, with the balance distributed among minor parties. In the presidential elections, President dos Santos of the MPLA fell a fraction short of the 50 per cent needed for outright victory. The government agreed to hold a second round of presidential elections, but stipulated that UNITA forces must be completely demobilised beforehand.

Although independent foreign observers and the UN declared the polls to have been generally free and fair, the UNITA leader claimed that the government had rigged them, and refused to accept defeat. Because demobilisation was not sufficiently advanced, Savimbi was quickly able to muster thousands of disciplined and well-armed soldiers and, within weeks, take control of two-thirds of the country. Fighting between the ruling MPLA and UNITA intensified and spread across Angola. By late 1992 it had reached a new peak, resulting in around 2 million displaced people and almost 500,000 refugees.

Successive attempts to bring an end to the conflict collapsed until, in November 1994, the Lusaka peace agreement was signed, bringing about a ceasefire. The foreign backers of both the MPLA and UNITA fell away during the late 1980s and early 1990s, and South Africa in particular has exerted great pressure on them to end the war. Although there continue to be many localised clashes between the two sides, the UN reports that the ceasefire has generally held. The UN may soon send a major peacekeeping force to

Angola to help consolidate the peace. Despite the present mood of very cautious optimism that a lasting peace might be established, a large number of issues will have to be resolved before Angola can fully emerge from the shadow of war.

Angolan Society

Population

Over 50 per cent of Angola's 10.7 million population are now resident in urban areas, compared to less than 30 per cent ten years ago. This is due to the enormous insecurity in rural areas, particularly since the escalation of the war at the end of 1992. Well over 2 million people are now living in Luanda, which has been relatively calm compared to most other areas. About 70 per cent of the city's population now lives in the *musseques* (unplanned squatter settlements on the outskirts). Influxes of refugees from small towns and villages occupied by UNITA have greatly swollen the populations of many other cities. Hundreds of thousands of Angola's people fled to the neighbouring countries of Zambia, Zaire and Namibia in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

Tens of thousands of civilians have been killed or maimed in the conflict. Lethal land-mines remain in many areas: the UN puts the total at 10 million – one for each person in Angola. Deactivating these mines is one of the most daunting challenges facing the government, though international help has already been forthcoming.

Huge numbers of people have been displaced, both by mass migrations to flee the fighting and forced removals by MPLA and UNITA troops. By the early 1990s this had left a largely destitute population without work or land to farm. The proliferation of weapons has led to a huge upsurge in armed crime. Any future government faces a daunting task in reconciling the country after years of civil war, and in promoting economic development.

Ethnic groups

Angola has considerable ethnic diversity, though all indigenous groups are of Bantu stock. The country's three main ethnic groups are the Ovimbundu, the Mbundu and the Bakongo which together account for around 75 per cent of the country's population. The Ovimbundu is the largest group, comprising around 38 per cent of the population. Their main language is Umbundu. The Ovimbundu are concentrated in the centre and south of the country. The Mbundu, who mostly speak Kimbundu, is the second-largest group, making up around 27 per cent of the population. They live in the north-west. The third main group is the Bakongo, who speak Kikongo, and account for 11 per cent of the population. Most live in the neighbouring countries of Zaire and Congo, but they are also dominant in the far north-west of Angola. Each of these three peoples contains several subgroups, speaking a wide range of dialects.

There are several smaller groups, spread across the sparsely populated east and south. The main groupings include the Lunda-Chokwe, in the east; the Cuanhama and other Ovambo peoples in the far south; the Nhaneca-Humbe, mainly in Huila province; and the Ganguela, in the south-east. Mixed-race *mestiços* form around 3 per cent of the population and make up a significant proportion of the urban elite (and of Angolans resident in Europe).

Although the conflict in Angola has had some ethnic and regionalist dimensions, there are many complicating factors. Not least of these is that UNITA has carried out massacres in the central highlands against Ovimbundu people, supposedly its own power base. In addition, the Angolan army has long had significant Ovimbundu membership. One significant effect is the rift between town and country. Not only have rural people seen little benefit from independence, but their home areas have been worst-hit by the war.

Education

The Portuguese authorities failed dismally to prepare Angola for independence, having for many years treated the country as an overseas province. They provided little education for Africans and trained very few Angolan administrators. As a result, white settlers held almost all skilled jobs.

Since independence, education has suffered badly from the civil war. Not only has the enormous military expenditure used up funds that could have been spent on education, but the war has forced the closure of many schools in rural areas, with large numbers of school buildings having been destroyed. The influx into cities, where families often have to live in shanty-town conditions, militates against the provision of schooling.

Education is theoretically compulsory for eight years, between the ages of seven and 15. It is free of charge. Primary education begins at age six and lasts for four years. Secondary education begins at the age of ten and lasts for up to seven years. The medium of instruction is Portuguese, which children can learn at pre-primary initiation classes. In total, around 90 per cent of Angolan children receive at least some primary education, though the proportion staying on to secondary level is just 12 per cent. In May 1991 the government lifted the post-independence ban on Roman Catholic and other private

schools. As a result, the Catholic Church is reviving some former Catholic schools taken over by the state after independence.

Human Rights Abuses

The MPLA and UNITA

Both sides in the civil war – the ruling MPLA and the UNITA opposition – have repeatedly committed appalling human rights violations. They have taken thousands of political prisoners, including many civilians. Large numbers of detainees have been tortured or mutilated, or have 'disappeared'. Hundreds of extrajudicial executions of suspected political opponents have been reported. Journalists and religious leaders have been repeatedly targeted. The government has failed to investigate incidents and bring those responsible to justice, and has denied detainees fair trials.

The human rights situation in Angola worsened significantly in 1991-93. The election campaign in late 1992 was marked by a series of violent incidents. After UNITA denounced the election results and launched a new offensive, government forces killed hundreds of UNITA supporters and arrested hundreds of others, detaining them without charge or trial for long periods.

Government forces in Luanda distributed arms to government supporters and to former members of the security forces in October 1992. Posses conducted house-to-house searches, detaining or killing suspected UNITA supporters. Many of those targeted were members of the Ovimbundu ethnic groups from which UNITA draws most of its support; representatives of churches with mainly Ovimbundu congregations also were singled out. Members of the Bakongo ethnic group were arrested, apparently because they also were viewed as possible opponents of the MPLA. Several thousand summary executions are believed to have taken place in Luanda in late 1992 alone. There are reports of similar violence in cities such as Benguela and Lubango.

It is harder to assess the scale of the killings carried out by UNITA; independent witnesses often do not have access to areas under UNITA control. But there is no doubt whatsoever that UNITA is guilty of sustained and atrocious abuses on a massive scale. As UNITA moved into new areas, it reportedly engaged in selective and systematic killings of police, government officials, MPLA party workers and traditional local leaders (*sobas* and *sekulos*). UNITA is also reported to have targeted people of European or mixed European and African origin. Women whom UNITA suspects of opposition to its aims have been burnt alive as 'witches' on several occasions, sometimes with their young children.

Separatism in Cabinda

Violence persists in Cabinda, an oil-rich enclave between Zaire and Congo (divided from the rest of Angola by a 40-km strip of Zairean territory), where separatist groups are continuing a long campaign for independence. Government troops are reported to have opened fire on demonstrators in Cabinda on more than one occasion, causing many casualties. Also, there have been several reports of unarmed civilians being killed in Cabinda and their homes being burnt in reprisal for separatist attacks. Those accused of sheltering separatists have been summarily shot.

The armed factions of the main separatist group, the Cabinda State Liberation Front (FLEC), have themselves committed gross human rights abuses, including executions and other deliberate and arbitrary killings. They sometimes abduct foreigners and Angolan nationals, and have threatened to expel non-Cabindans from the enclave.

Persecution of the Bakongo

A campaign of killings against members of the Bakongo ethnic group, in the border areas between Angola and the Republic of Zaire began in January 1993. Armed civilians reportedly killed dozens of people whom they thought had Zairean accents or who were wearing Zairean-style clothes. The police took part in the looting that followed.

About this book

This book contains the voices of some of those who have left Angola, the scene of what the UN Secretary-General described in 1993 as the world's bloodiest conflict. Despite the appalling scenes they have witnessed, many Angolans retain positive memories of their country. Although one teenage girl in the book declares 'Angola is lost', there is now a chance – as long as the recent ceasefire holds – that the long years of war can fade into the past.

Marcus Turner

Independent consultant specialising in international politics and economics

March 1995

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LEMBRANÇAS DE ANGOLA
MEMORIES OF ANGOLA

PORTUGUESE

A minha infância em Angola

Em Angola éramos muito simpáticos uns com os outros. Tratávamos os nossos vizinhos como irmãos. Estávamos sempre a conversar uns com os outros e contando piadas. Eu não tinha um melhor amigo porque era difícil escolher quando eram todos tão simpáticos uns com os outros.

Escrito por Eugénio Filipe Cabral, um menino de 13 anos que vive em Londres.

My childhood in Angola

In Angola we were very friendly with each other. We treated our neighbours like brothers. We were always chatting with each other or telling jokes. I didn't have a best friend because it was difficult to choose when everyone was so kind to each other.

Written by Eugénio Filipe Cabral, a 13 year old boy living in London.

BRIAN MORRISON

Below: Children playing in Angola, drawn by Eugénio Filipe Cabral
Right: Eugénio Filipe Cabral and Solange Gonçalves in London – Eugénio lives with Solange's family

10

PORTUGUESE

A minha infância

Nasci num chuvoso dia em janeiro de 1966 no Dondi, numa Missão protestante no centro de Angola. Eu sou o décimo de onze irmãos. O meu pai era professor e tinha a sua própria escola perto de Dondi; mas mudámos para Huambo que é uma cidade situada no centro de Angola, isto quando ainda criança. Passei a maior parte da minha infância no Bom Pastor, um bairro de Huambo. Vivíamos numa grande casa de tijolos. À frente da nossa casa tínhamos uma pequena ribeira que atravessava a plantação de bananas. Como muitas casas na nossa vizinhança, acarretávamos água dum poço.

Quando era criança, eu tinha uma obsessão por futebol. Contudo, não era um bom jogador, a bola nunca ia aonde eu queria que fosse. Os outros rapazes estavam tão aborrecidos comigo que me confinaram à baliza. Como não era capaz de marcar no campo, muitas vezes sentia–me triste e tentava por todos os meios ganhar a confiança dos meus amigos sendo um bom guarda-redes. Isto levava-me às vezes a atirar-me ao terreno duro para alcançar a bola, o que me dava feridas. A minha mãe dava-me berros, dizendo que eu não tinha que me aleijar quando jogara. Eu nunca a ouvia porque a aprovação dos meus amigos era mais importante. Às vezes competíamos com os outros rapazes de Huambo; nunca ganhávamos e os rapazes culpavam-me por perder.

My childhood

I was born on a rainy January day in 1966 at Dondi, a Protestant mission in central Angola. I am the tenth of 11 children. My father was a teacher who owned his own school near Dondi; but when I was a child we moved to Huambo, the main city in central Angola. I spent most of my childhood in Bom Pastor, a suburb of Huambo. We lived in a large, brick house. In front of our house there was a small stream that ran through a banana plantation. Like most houses in our neighbourhood, we drew our water from a well.

As a child, I was obsessed with football. I was however, a very poor player – the ball never went where I wanted it to go. The other boys were so displeased with my lack of skill that they confined me to the goal. Because I was not able to score on the pitch, I often felt sad and tried very hard to win the approval of my friends by being as good a goalkeeper as I could be. This meant that I sometimes had to dive for the ball on hard ground, earning myself bruises. My mother would shout at me, saying I did not have to hurt myself while playing games. I never listened to her as I cared most for the approval of my friends. Sometimes we competed with boys from other parts of Huambo; we never won and the boys blamed me for the loss.

When we were not playing football we played in a band which had been formed by a boy in our neighbourhood called Costa. During my childhood Angola was still under the control of the Portuguese.

Children playing in the park in Angola, drawn by Solange Gonçalves (age 8)

HJALTE TIN/STILL PICTURES

Boy with a home-made helmet and hoop in Xangongo, Cunene province

Se não estivéssemos a jogar futebol, tocávamos num grupo que era formado por um rapaz do bairro chamado Costa. Durante a minha infância, Angola estava ainda dominada pelos portugueses. Durante 500 anos, os portugueses estiveram no meu país, eles tentaram eliminar a cultura indígena; na escola, por exemplo, os professores não nos permitiam falar a nossa língua local, Umbundu, e muitas famílias tinham que adoptar nomes portugueses. Contudo não tinham muito sucesso; quando estávamos fora da escola muitos de nós falávamos a nossa língua local e cantávamos cantos tradicionais.

Eu tocava batuque no grupo do Costa. No carnaval púnhamos máscaras e íamos dançar em casas diferentes; o público que gostava da nossa dança pagava-nos em dinheiro, ou comida. Eu vestia-me de barrigudo ou máscara com uma grande barriga. Eu punha uma camisa longa e enchia-a com um monte de jornais, almofadas e qualquer coisa que me fizesse gordo. Depois eu punha a máscara para seguir o grupo no bairro. Às vezes assustava as crianças, que choravam por causa da minha feia cara.

Nós tínhamos sempre algo a fazer. Fazíamos corridas, a que todos os rapazes do bairro vinham assistir com arcos presos a um fio que servia como vara de direcção. Se bem que eu nunca ganhava nesta competição, gostava de participar porque a minha irmã e as suas amigas se juntavam para me dar apoio. Nestses dias, o meu sonho era um dia ser motorista de corridas.

In the 500 years the Portuguese had been in my country, they tried to wipe out the indigenous culture; at school, for instance, the teachers did not allow us to speak our local language, Umbundu, and most families had to adopt Portuguese names. They were not, however, that successful; when not at school most of us spoke our native tongue and sang traditional songs.

I played the drums in Costa's band. At carnival, we would all dress up with masks and go out dancing at different houses; members of the public who were pleased with our dancing paid us with money or food. I used to dress up as *barrigudo* or the mask with the big stomach. I would wear a large shirt and stuff it with newspapers, pillows and anything which would make me look big. I would wear a mask and join the group in the neighbourhood. Sometimes, I would scare small children who would start screaming upon seeing my ugly face.

We always had something to do. There was a race in which all the boys in the neighbourhood would gather with hoops attached to a wire which served as a steering rod. Although I never won this competition, I enjoyed doing it as my sister and her friends often gathered along the way to cheer me on. In those days, my dream was to become a racing driver some day.

I particularly liked Christmas. In the weeks leading up to Christmas, we would all go to an area of Huambo call Chitutula. There, we would find Christmas trees and moss. We would then place the tree in the living room. At the bottom of the tree, we would put some stones which we would then cover with the moss. We would make clay figures of

Especialmente, eu gostava do Natal. Semanas antes do Natal, íamos todos a um lugar chamado Chitutula no Huambo. Aí encontrávamos árvores de Natal e musgo. Depois púnhamos a árvore de Natal na sala. Debaixo da árvore, púnhamos pedras que depois cobríamos com musgo. Fazíamos figuras de barro de S. José, Maria, pastores. Num dia de Natal, tivemos uma boa surpresa ao levantarmo-nos: o Pai Natal tinha-nos trazido presentes durante a noite. Trouxe-me um par de calções castanhos em que eu tinha grande orgulho; a minha irmã recebeu um vestido branco com flores vermelhas. No Natal também comíamos muito. A minha mãe nos avisava de antemão para não comer muito, mas não conseguíamos resistir ao porco, à galinha, ao arroz, aos bolos e gasosas. Tínhamos um pequeno gira-discos azal que o meu irmão mais velho,que estara a estudar em Portugal, nos tinha enviadol. Na véspera do Ano Novo dançávamos numa roda, cada um dançava no meio da roda quando a sua vez chegasse. Eu gostava daquilo porque tinha ocasião para me exibir.

Frequentei a Escola de Fátima, uma escola católica dirigida por uma irmã que andava de bicicleta. Se bem que venha de uma família protestante, os meus pais decidiram enviar-me a uma escola católica porque era uma das melhores escolas no Huambo. Antes das aulas, todos os alunos se juntavam na capela, ajoelhados e fazendo longas orações. À tardinha, algumas crianças iam ao catecismo. Na escola o português foi a minha disciplina preferida, especialmente escrever redacções. Um dia, a nossa professora, Dona Carminda, disse – nos para fazer uma redacção sobre uma pessoa que mais admirássemos. A minha redacção foi sobre o meu tio Jonatão, o irmão mais velho da minha mãe, que era maquinista de comboios da Companhia Ferroviária de Benguela, a companhia ferroviária que é encarregada dos comboios do centro de Angola até à costa. Um dia íamos para o Lobito de comboio e o tio Jonatão veio à nossa carruagem vestido de farda cinzenta e convidou-me para a máquina do comboio onde os homens estavam a pôr carvão na máquina a vapor. Desde aquele dia, decidi que não seria mais corredor de automóveis: quis ser maquinista de comboios.

Escrito por Sousa Jamba, um angolano que vive em Londres. Ele é um bom jornalista e escritor. Algumas partes da sua história estão na página 20.

Joseph, Mary and the shepherds. One Christmas day, we woke up to a pleasant surprise: Santa Claus had brought us gifts in the night. He brought me a pair of brown shorts of which I was very proud; my sister got a white dress with red flowers. At Christmas we would also eat a lot. My mother would warn us against eating too much, but we could not resist the pork, chicken, rice, cakes and many fizzy drinks around. We had a small, blue record player that my elder brother – who was studying in Portugal – had sent us. On New Year's Eve, we would all dance in a circle, each taking a turn at dancing in the middle. I liked this because I got the chance to show off.

I attended *Escola de Fatima*, a Catholic school run by a nun who used to cycle to work. Although I come from a Protestant family, my parents decided to send me to a Catholic school because it was one of the best in Huambo. Before lessons, all the students would gather in the chapel, kneel and say long prayers. In the afternoon, some children went for Catechism. At school, my favourite subject was Portuguese – especially writing essays. One day, our teacher, Doña Carminda, told us to write about the person we most admired. I wrote about my Uncle Jonatão, my mother's elder brother who worked as a train driver for CFB – the railway company that runs trains through Central Angola to the coast. One day, we had been travelling to Lobito on the train when Uncle Jonatão came into our carriage wearing the grey uniform of the train crew and invited me to the engine room where the men were shoving coal into the steam engine. From that day on, I decided I was not going to be a racing driver: I wanted to be a train driver.

Written by Sousa Jamba, an Angolan man living in London. He is a successful journalist and writer. Some more of his story is on page 20.

PORTUGUESE

A escola em Angola

Cheguei a Inglaterra no dia 19 de setembro de 1993 para escapar à guerra prolongada no meu país. Tenho 15 anos e nasci em Luanda, que é a capital de Angola.

As escolas em Angola são muito mais pequenas que as escolas na Inglaterra. As disciplinas tradicionais de inglês, matemática, ciências etc... são as mesmas mas não temos lições de teatro, música e tecnologia. Como em Angola falamos português, também temos aulas de Português na escola com Inglês e Francês. Temos três sessões de aulas: de manhã (7.30 até às 12.30) de tarde (1.30 até às 6.30) e de noite (6 .30 até às 10.45). Só se frequenta uma sessão. Nas escolas não temos refeições porque passamos pouco tempo lá.

Escrito por Emanuela Jimbe Mendes, uma menina de 15 anos da Escola da Comunidade de Lister, Newham, London. Encontram-se mais alguns escritos de Emanuela na página 12.

School in Angola

I came to England on 19 September 1993 to escape the war that has been going on for years in my country. I am 15 years old and I was born in Luanda which happens to be the capital of Angola.

Schools in Angola are much smaller than schools in England. The traditional subjects of English, maths, science etc. are the same but we do not have drama, music, technology. Because in Angola we speak Portuguese, we also have a Portuguese lesson in school along with English and French. There are three sections of school: morning (7.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.), afternoon (1.30 p.m. – 6.30 p.m.) and evening (6.30 p.m. – 10.45 p.m.). You just attend one of the sections. In school we do not have school dinners because we spend such a small amount of time in school.

Written by Emanuela Jimbe Mendes, a 15 year old girl at Lister Community School, Newham, London. Some more of Emanuela's writing is on page 12.

FAMILIA
FAMILY

PORTUGUESE

A minha família

O meu pai, que é o chefe da família, é do Huambo em Angola e fala a língua chamada Umbundu. Casou-se com a minha mãe em 1974. Tiveram 3 filhos, eu sou um deles. O meu irmão mais velho não veio para Inglaterra quando nós viemos. Além do meu irmão e da minha irmã tenho muitos primos. Conheço 22 deles. Somos muito unidos – chamamos os nossos primos 'irmão' ou 'irmã' em vez de primo. Quando chegámos a Londres ficámos na casa de um primo meu chamado Nelson, em Forest Gate.

Escrito por Emanuela Jimbe Mendes, uma menina de 15 anos da Escola de Comunidade de Lister, Newham, London. Encontram-se mais alguns escritos de Emanuela na página 11.

My family

My father, who is head of the household, comes from Huambo in Angola and he speaks a language called Umbundu. He married my mother in 1974. They had three children, one of which was me. My big brother did not come to England when we came. Along with my brother and sister, I have many cousins. I know 22 of them. We are very close – we call our cousins 'sister' and 'brother' rather than cousin. When we first came to London we stayed with a cousin called Nelson in Forest Gate.

Written by Emanuela Jimbe Mendes, a 15 year old girl at Lister Community School, Newham, London. Some more of Emanuela's writing is on page 11.

Going to see my grandmother in Angola, drawn by Solange Gonçalves (age 8)

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PORTUGUESE

A minha mãe

Vivo com o meu pai em Islington, em Londres. A minha mãe já morreu. Foi morta pela polícia do MPLA em Angola. Foi assassinada no Roque Santeiro – o mercado de Luanda onde se faz negócio ilegal. Não gosto de MPLA nem da Unita, porque, por causa das lutas, deixaram-me sem mãe. Antes do corpo da minha mãe ser levado para o cemitério, foi primeiro levado para a Igreja Baptista em Palanca, na periferia de Luanda. Durante a cerimónia na igreja, muita gente chorou, mas não me deixaram ver o corpo. Quando a minha mãe estava com vida, eu perguntava-lhe "Mamãe, porque que o mundo é assim, cheio de doenças, guerras, ódio, fome e separação ? "

Escrito por Bibliana Siona de Carvalho, uma menina de 12 anos que vive em Londres. Este relato foi originalmente escrito em português.

My mother

I live with my father in Islington in London. My mother is dead. She was killed by the MPLA police in Angola. She was murdered at Roque Santeiro – a market in Luanda where they do illegal trading. I don't like the MPLA or UNITA, because as a result of the fighting they left me without my mother. When they took my mother's body to the cemetery, first they took it to the church she belonged to. This was the baptist church in Palanca, on the edge of Luanda. During the church service many people were crying but they didn't let me see the body. When my mother was still alive, I was usually asking her, 'Mum, why is the world like that, with sickness, war, hatred, starvation and separation?'

Written by Bibliana Siona de Carvalho, a 12 year old girl living in London. This account was originally written in Portuguese.

HJALTE TIN/STILL PICTURES

Large market outside Luanda

GUERRA
WAR

PORTUGUESE

A história de Angola

Angola é um país rico, mas por causa da guerra tornou-se um país pobre. As pessoas estão morrendo porque não têm suficientes medicamentos. Algumas pessoas estão morrendo por causa da guerra. Algumas pessoas não têm dinheiro suficiente para comprar comida. Existe muita gente com uma perna só ou uma mão. Às vezes as crianças não vão à escola porque não há lugar suficiente para todos. O Savimbi é que causou isto tudo. Ele ataca toda Angola. O Presidente de Angola é José Eduardo dos Santos. Mas Savimbi quere ser presidente de Angola.

Escrito por uma menina de 13 anos da Escola de Ravenscroft em Barnet, Londres.

PORTUGUESE

A guerra em Angola

Existe aí uma guerra terrível em Angola. Savimbi, um homem poderoso, quer Angola. Houve eleições em Angola e o Savimbi perdeu. O presidente José Eduardo dos Santos ganhou as eleições, por isso o Savimbi está furioso e continua matando. O pior é quando as casas são destruídas com as pessoas dentro delas. Existe lá muita gente ferida, com fome, desesperada, em má saúde e mutilada. Savimbi costuma reunir o povo, depois lhes dá tiros, incluindo crianças. O povo já não aguenta mais. É necessário fazer algo para salvar o nosso país. Houve lá muitos acordos para terminar com a guerra, mas a guerra ainda continua. Angola está perdida.

Escrito por Ginga da Silva Ramos, uma menina de 15 anos da Escola de Ravenscroft, Barnet, Londres. Este relato foi originalmente escrito em português.

Photo of Ginga as a child in Angola

The story of Angola

CARLOS GUARITA/ REPORTAGE/STILL PICTURES

Victims of land mines in hospital in Luanda

Angola is a rich country, but since the war has started it has been a poor country. People are dying because they don't have enough medicine. Some people are dying because of the war. Some people don't have enough money to buy food. There are many people with only one leg or only one arm. Sometimes children can't go to school because there's not enough places for everyone to go. All this was caused by Savimbi. He attacks all of Angola. The President of Angola is José Eduardo dos Santos. But Savimbi wants to be President of Angola.

Written by a 13 year old girl at Ravenscroft School, Barnet, London.

War in Angola

There is a terrible war in Angola. Savimbi, a powerful man, wants Angola. There were elections in Angola and Savimbi lost. President José Eduardo dos Santos won the election so Savimbi is angrier than ever and goes on killing. The worst is when the houses are destroyed with everybody inside. There are many people wounded, hungry, desperate, in poor health, mutilated. Savimbi rounds up people and then has them shot including children. People cannot cope any longer. It is necessary to do something to save our country. There have been many treaties to end the war but still it goes on. Angola is lost.

Written by Ginga da Silva Ramos, a 15 year old girl at Ravenscroft School, Barnet, London. This account was written originally in Portuguese.

LINGALA

Eza esengo mingi ko fanda na Londres

Tozalaki kofanda na ndako na biso na Angola. Ndako ezalaki na kati ya lopango mpe lopango ezalaka na ekoteli moko ya monene ya langi ya bule. Tozalaka kofanda na koko ya muasi. Mama na tata bazalaki kofanda na ndako mosusu mpo tata azalaki kokende mosala.

Nakoki kokanisa makambo ya mabe. Mokolo moko ba policiers bayaki na ndako na biso. Basengaki koko ya muasi mbongo ebele. Kasi azalaki kaka na mbongo moke. Ayebisi ba-policiers kasi bazalaki kaka koluka koluka.Mama azalaki kolela mpo akanisaki que ba komema koko ya muasi na boloko. Kasi ba memaki ye te. Ba- policiers bakendeki. Bakendeki na bandako nionso.

Na monaka makambo ya mabe misusu. Nazalaki kotambola na noko, na tata. Ba-soldats batelemisi bato moko. Balingaki mbongo. Bato ango bazalaka ata na mbongo te. Bapoliciers batelemesaki bango na efelo moko ti babeti bango masasi.

Namonaka soldat abomaki mwana moke. Babomaki mama na tata na ye. Mwana moke yango azalaki ye moko kaka. Soldat atombolaki ye mpe abambaki ye na mesa mpe atiaki ye mbeli na lokolo. Ba-soldats balingaki kaka mbongo. Soki ozalaki na mbongo te babomi yo. Tango basengaki biso mbongo toyebisaki bango bozonga na sima. Bongo, tango bazongelaki biso, tozalaki lisusu te. Esi tokende na biso na Londres. Ba-soldats babomaki moninga na ngai Mikali. Batiaki ye pene ya efelo mpe babetaki ye masasi. Azalaki moninga na ngai. Ba-soldats yango bazalaki ya Savimbi. Savimbi alingaka biso te. Tata na biso atikaka kosala mpo ba-soldats bazalaki koya mpe koboma batu.Tozalaki kaka na mbongo moke mpo na biloko ya kolia. Bamemaki noko na biso na boloko mpe tobandaki kolela. Tango noko na biso abimaki na boloko tozalaki na esengo. Sikoyo eza esengo mingi kofanda awa na Londres.

Makoma ya Alexander mpe Nzuzi Pululu, bana mapasa ya mbula libua na kelasi ya bana mike na Bromley, Kent.

It's nice living in London

We lived in a house in Angola. There was a big blue gate and a fence around the house. We lived with grandma. Mum and dad lived in another house because dad had to go to work.

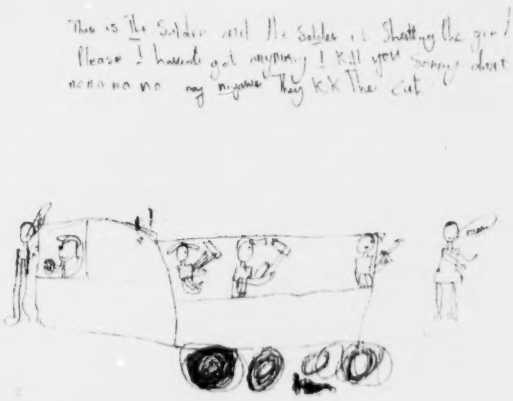
I can remember some bad things. One day the police came to our house. They asked grandma for lots and lots of money. But she only had a little money. She told the policemen but they looked and looked. Mum was crying because she thought they were going to take grandma away to jail. But they didn't. The policemen went. They went to all the houses.

I saw something bad as well. I was walking with uncle and my dad. The soldiers stopped some men. They wanted money. The men didn't have any money. The soldiers put them against the wall and shot them.

I saw a soldier kill a baby. They killed its mum and dad. The baby was all alone. The soldier picked it up and hit it against a table and then put a knife through its leg.

The soldiers just wanted money. If you didn't have money they killed you. When they asked us for money we said come back later. And when they came back we had gone to London.

Drawing by Nzuzi Pululu



The soldiers killed my friend Mikali. They put her by the wall and shot her. She was my friend.

The soldiers were Savimbi's soldiers. Savimbi doesn't like us.

Dad left work because the soldiers were coming and killing people. We had a little money for food. They took uncle to prison and we cried. When he got out of prison we were happy.

Now it's nice living in London.

By Alexander and Nzuzi Pululu, nine year old twins at primary school in Bromley, Kent. This was an oral account given to their teacher.

Drawing by Alexander Pululu

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PORTUGUESE

Lembrando o meu país

No momento em que entrei no avião soube que eu estava a deixar o meu país. Então comecei a pensar acerca dos meus amigos e sobre a minha escola. Eu não sabia o que ia me acontecer e para onde eu estava a ir. Perguntei-me a mim próprio sobre a gente que ia eu encontrar, e qual era o modo de vida a que eles estavam acostumados. Mas estava feliz porque sabia que estaria em Londres gozando a paz e de qualquer modo fora dos barulhos dos tiros.

Lembro-me que antes das eleições tomarem lugar, o povo estava tão contente. Eles estavam dançando. Logo depois quando os resultados das eleições saíram, pensámos que finalmente a paz tinha chegado. De repente tudo mudou e a guerra civil começou de novo. Então ouvimos o grande armazém de armas explodir. Eu pensei que Luanda estava em guerra. Tudo estava a explodir.

Vários dias depois iniciou-se mais uma outra confrontação . Muitas pessoas inocentes morreram. Ninguém podia ir passear. Tínhamos medos dos tiros. Havia muitos cadáveres nas ruas. Algumas pessoas morreram de fome porque as lojas estavam fechadas. Os soldados perderam a cabeça. Eles estavam a disparar através das janelas e assim tinhamos que nos deitar no chão. Alguns soldados aproveitaram-se da situação para matar as pessoas e roubar os seus bens. Agora, Londres para mim é o início de uma nova vida. Sou feliz aqui. Antes eu nunca tinha conhecido melhores dias além do tempo em que gozámos um pouco de paz.

Escrito por Sona Sérgio, um menino de 15 anos da Escola Secundária de Hackney Free and Parochial Church, Hackney, Londres.
Este relato foi originalmente escrito em português.

CARLOS GUARITA/REPORTAGE/STILL PICTURES

Unfinished tower block in Luanda where war refugees live

Remembering my country

The moment I was inside the aeroplane I knew I was leaving my country. Then I started thinking about my friends and my school. I didn't know what would happen to me and what I was going to. I wondered what kind of people I would find, and what kind of life they were used to. But I was happy because I knew that I would be in London in peace and away from the noise of shooting, anyway.

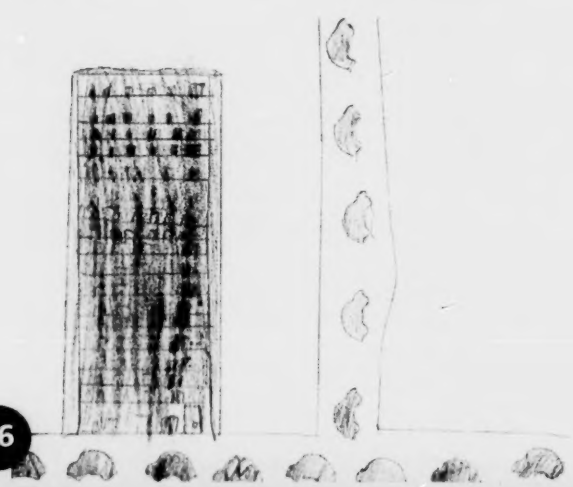
I remember before the election took place people were so happy. They were dancing. After the result came out we thought that peace had finally arrived. Suddenly everything changed and the civil war started again. Then we heard the big gun store blow up. I thought Luanda was at war. Everything was exploding.

Several days later another confrontation started. Many innocent people died. Nobody could walk around. We were frightened of shooting. There were lots of corpses in the street. Some people died of hunger because all the shops were closed.

The soldiers had lost their minds. They were shooting through the windows so we had to lay down. Some soldiers took advantage of the situation to kill people and steal their possessions.

Now London for me is the beginning of a new life. I am happy here. I have never had good times before, apart from the time when there was a bit of peace.

Written by Sona Sérgio, a 15 year old boy at Hackney Free and Parochial Church of England Secondary School, Hackney, London. This account was written originally in Portuguese.



***Flats in Luanda,* drawn by Solange Gonçalves**

DEIXANDO ANGOLA
LEAVING ANGOLA

PORTUGUESE

Fugindo do conflito em Angola

Vivo com os meus pais em Hackney, Londres. Eles são requerentes de asilo político. Deixámos Angola porque o MPLA e a UNITA pensam ser os donos do país. O meu pai foi perseguido pela polícia do MPLA e foi quase assassinado porque apoiou a Unita nas eleições passadas. O meu pai e a minha mãe nasceram na zona de Nsoso na província do Uige no norte de Angola. O meu irmão e eu nascemos em Luanda. Todas as minhas melhores amigas são de Luanda. Compartilhávamos as nossas comidas e brincávamos juntos.

Quando fugimos da guerra em Luanda e fomos para o Huambo, vimos muitas pessoas mortas nas ruas. Eu perguntava ao meu pai porque é que havia tantas pessoas mortas. Ele disse-me que a gente de Luanda estava matando o povo Bakongo como nós. Fugimos do Huambo para Kuito e depois para a Namíbia, onde conseguimos apanhar o avião até chegar aqui.

No aeroporto de Heathrow vi muitos brancos mas não eram como os cubanos. Perguntei ao meu pai porque esses brancos eram diferentes dos cubanos. Ele disse-me que eram ingleses que vão cuidar de mim e proteger a minha vida contra o MPLA e a UNITA. Eu não gostava dos MPLA ou da UNITA porque eles me afastaram das minhas amigas.

Fleeing the conflict in Angola

I live with my parents in Hackney in London. They are asylum seekers. We left Angola because the MPLA and UNITA think they own the country. My father was persecuted by the MPLA police and was almost killed because he supported UNITA in the past election. My dad and mum were born in the Nsoso area of Uige province, in the north of Angola. My brother and I were born in Luanda. All my best friends are from Luanda. We shared meals and played together.

When we fled the war in Luanda and went to Huambo, we saw many dead people in the street. I asked my dad why there were so many dead people. He said that the people from Luanda were killing the Bakongo people, like us. We fled Huambo to Kuito and then to Namibia, where we succeeded in getting a plane to here.

JENNY MATTHEWS

Uíge market

Dois meses depois vi que o meu pai estava a chorar. Perguntei-lhe porquê. Ele disse que os ingleses decidiram mandar-nos de volta para Angola. Fiquei tão triste. Como era isto possível? O meu pai tinha-me dito que os ingleses deviam cuidar de nós e agora eles querem-nos devolver para o MPLA e a UNITA para eles nos matarem? Talvez as minhas amigas vão dizer aos seus papás para não me matar? Mas a minha mãe e o meu pai vão ser mortos.

Eu não quero deixar a minha escola na Inglaterra. Não quero voltar para Angola para morrer.

Escrito por Angela Kamavewako Santos, uma menina de 14 anos que vive em Londres. Este relato foi originalmente escrito em português.

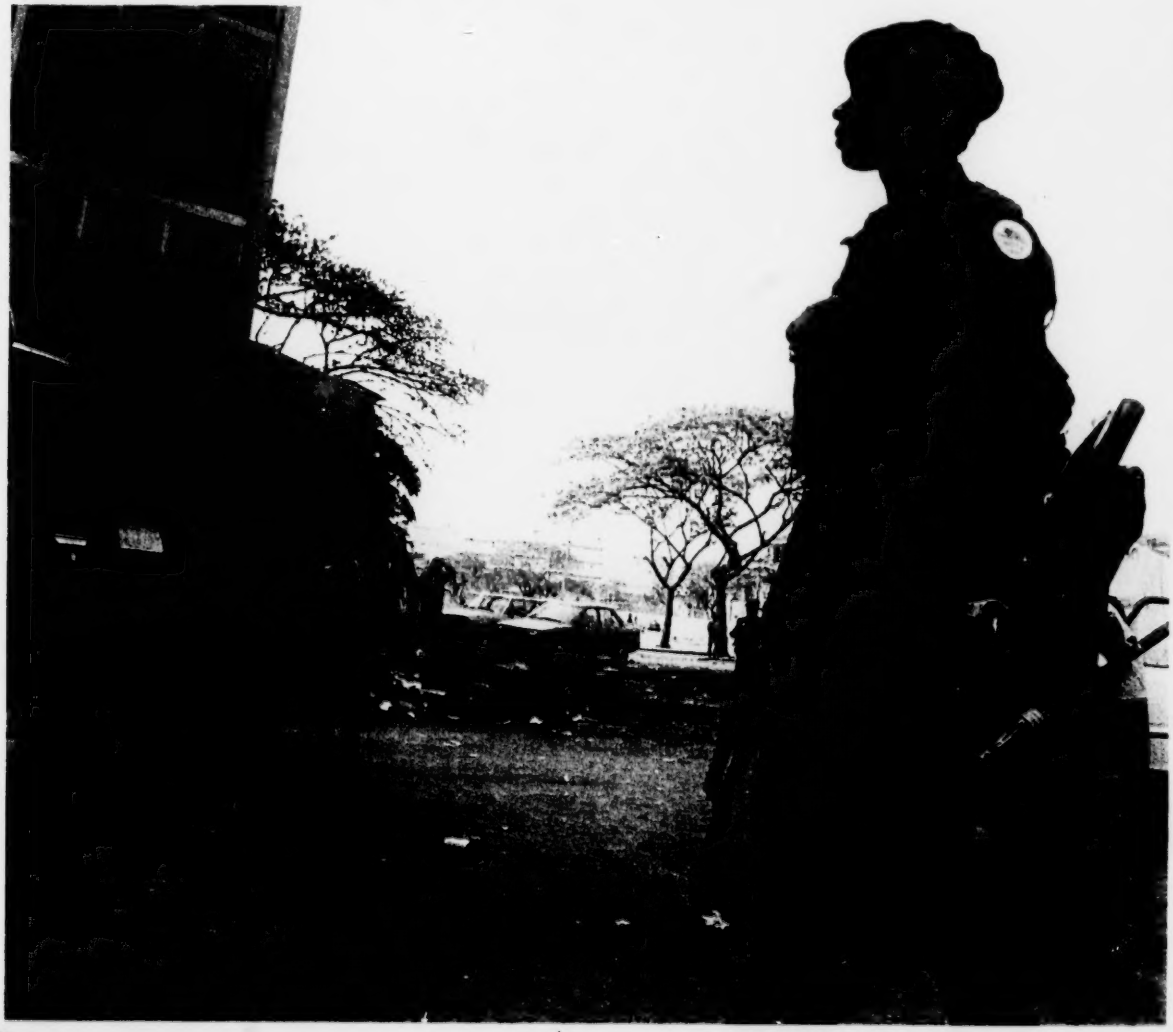
At Heathrow I saw so many white people but they weren't the same as Cubans. I asked my dad why these white people were different to Cubans. He told me that they were English people who were to care for me and protect my life from the MPLA and UNITA. I didn't like the MPLA or UNITA because they took me away from my friends.

Two months later I saw that my dad was crying. I asked him why. He said the English people had decided to send us back to Angola. I was so sad. How was this possible? My dad had said English people were supposed to care for us and now they want to send us back to the MPLA and UNITA to kill us. Maybe my friends will tell their dads not to kill me? But my mum and dad will be killed.

I don't want to leave my school in England. I don't want to go back to Angola to die.

Written by Angela Kamavewako Santos, a 14 year old girl living in London. This account was originally written in Portuguese.

Heavily armed UNITA soldiers in Luanda, 1992



ANDERS GUNNARTZ/STILL PICTURES

SARAH ERRINGTON/HUTCHISON

Angolan refugee children at school in Zaïre

FRENCH

Départ d'Angola

Je suis de nationalité angolaise. Ma maman, mon papa et moi sommes nés en Angola. Mon papa était soldat dans l'armée angolaise. En 1987, quand j'avais cinq ans, mon papa fut arrêté et emprisonné pendant deux ans à cause des problèmes politiques en Angola. Mon frère et moi sommes restés avec notre maman. C'était très difficile. En 1989 mon papa fut libéré de la prison et ne voulait plus rester en Angola. Il voyagea en Europe. J'étais petite mais je crois que nous sommes allés au Zaïre. En 1993, mon papa nous envoya les billets d'avion pour que nous puissions venir les rejoindre, lui et ma mère, en Angleterre.

Avant, mon petit frère et moi ne savions pas où était notre maman. La dame qui s'occupait de nous était très gentille. Elle avait un jardin avec des épinards, des ignames, des tomates, des piments et des choux. Elle avait quelques animaux: deux chats, Milouche et Miche, et un chien, Milou. Elle avait trois cochons et un mouton. Elle avait aussi deux enfants, Mimi et Fani, qui ont maintenant treize et seize ans. Je pense à elle de temps en temps. Une autre dame est venue nous prendre d'Afrique, elle nous emmena d'abord en France.

Ecrit par une fillette de 12 ans, élève à l'école communautaire de Westminster Nord, Westminster, Londres. Ce récit a d'abord été écrit en français car son auteur a appris le français au Zaïre et en France.

Leaving Angola

I have Angolan nationality. My mum and dad and I were born in Angola. My dad was a soldier in the Angolan army. In 1987, when I was five years old, my dad was arrested and imprisoned for two years because of the political problems in Angola. My brother and I stayed with our mum. It was very difficult. In 1989 my dad was released from jail and did not want to stay in Angola any more. He travelled to Europe. I was small but I believe we went to Zaire. In 1993, my dad sent us the air ticket to come and join him and my mother in England.

Before, my little brother and I did not know where our mother was. The lady who was looking after us was very nice. She had a garden with spinach, yam, tomatoes, hot chillies and cabbage. She had some animals – two cats, Milouche and Miche and one dog, Milou. She had three pigs and a sheep. She had two children as well, Mimi and Fani who are now 13 and 16. I think of her from time to time. Another lady came to take us from Africa, she took us to France first.

Written by a 12 year old girl at North Westminster Community School, Westminster, London. This account was originally written in French as the writer learnt French in Zaire and France.

PORTUGUESE

A minha viagem para a Zâmbia

Angola tornou-se independente em 1975, quando os portugueses que se apoderaram de Angola partiram.A guerra civil começou daí. Como a maioria do povo do centro de Angola e os que pertencem ao grupo étnico Uvimbundo, a minha família apoiava a UNITA, que perdeu a guerra. O MPLA entrou na nossa cidade e aqueles que tinham parentes com postos importantes na UNITA como nós, tiveram que fugir para a Zâmbia e o Zaire.

Eu fui com a minha irmã para a Zâmbia. Tinha nove anos. Nós perdemo-nos no caminho para a Zâmbia. Durante três meses deambulámos na mata do leste de Angola. Durante semanas não vimos um ser humano, tudo o que víamos eram animais e sobrevivemos comendo cogumelos e lagartas. À noite, dormíamos ao lado das fogueiras do acampamento porque tínhamos muito medo dos animais selvagens, especialmente dos leões. Como a comida se tornava cada dia mais rara, o povo comia qualquer tipo de frutas selvagens incluindo uma planta tipo cebola que crescia em toda a parte. Algumas destas plantas eram muito perigosas. A barriga de um senhor encheu-se tanto que ele não tardou a morrer. À noite, eu pensava na comida que muitas vezes deitávamos fora antes da guerra. A minha mãe tinha fugido com o meu irmão mais novo para o Zaire e eu sentia a falta dela. Às vezes, eu chorava durante a noite; mas não deixava ninguém notar. Não queria que alguém pensasse que eu sou fraco.

Durante a viagem fiz amizade com um rapaz chamado Helder. Ele era muito

Russian-made tank damaged by UNITA forces in Cunene province

HJALTE TIN/STILL PICTURES

My journey to Zambia

In 1975, Angola became independent. The Portuguese, who had been lording it over us, left. A civil war broke out. Like most people from central Angola and belonging to the Ovimbundu ethnic group, my family supported UNITA, which lost the war. The MPLA moved into our city and those of us whose parents were prominent in UNITA fled to Zambia and Zaire.

I went with my sister to Zambia. I was nine. We got lost on the way to Zambia. For three months we wandered through the jungle to eastern Angola. For weeks we did not see a single person; all we saw was animal tracks. Food was scarce; and we survived by eating mushrooms and caterpillars. At night, we slept next to camp fires as we were very frightened of wild animals – especially lions. As food became scarce, people began to eat all sorts of wild fruits – including an onion-like plant which was all over the place. Some of these plants were highly dangerous. One man's stomach became so swollen he soon died. In the evenings, I would often think of the food we had thrown away in the days before the war. My mother had fled with my younger brother to Zaire and I missed her. Sometimes, I would cry for most of the night; but I never let anyone know. I did not want anyone to think of me as being somehow weak.

On the journey I befriended a boy called Helder. He was very clever and told many stories. Helder was very particular about food; he preferred to starve rather than eat anything as most of us did. One day, Helder had a bout of diarrhoea. Fortunately, we had, in our group a man who had worked as a nurse. He told Helder to keep eating the caterpillars and mushrooms. Helder refused to do so. One morning, as I lay next to Helder, I heard him shout out '*Socorro, socorro*!' ('Help, please help.') I called the elders who came and pronounced him dead.

That was the first time in my life I saw a dead person. We buried Helder on the banks of the Kembo river. The women implored the men who were digging his grave to dig deeper or hyenas would come and unearth his body late at night. As soon as we buried Helder we came to a village which had much food – pumpkins, yams, maize, sweet potatoes and meat. I kept wishing that Helder had lived a few days more. Although I wanted to eat as though it was Christmas in Huambo, the elders warned me not to eat that much as it was not proper. After that, we walked through villages that led us eventually to Zambia.

inteligente e contou-me muitas histórias. O Helder era muito esquisito quanto a comida; preferia passar fome a comer fosse o que fosse como muitos de nós fazíamos. Um dia o Helder teve um ataque de diarreia. Felizmente, tínhamos no nosso grupo um homem que foi enfermeiro. Disse ao Helder para continuar a comer lagartas e cogumelos. Mas o Helder recusou o conselho. Uma manhã, eu estava deitado ao lado do Helder e ouvi ele a gritar "Socorro, socorro"! Chamei os mais velhos, que vieram e declararam que tinha morrido.

Esta foi a primeira vez na minha vida que vi um morto. Enterrámos o Helder nas margens do rio Kembo. As mulheres imploravam aos homens que estavam a cavar a sua cova para a cavarem mais fundo, senão quando as hienas chegassem excavariam o corpo à noite.Assim que enterrámos a Helder fomos para uma aldeia que tinha muita comida: abóbora, inhame, milho, batata doce e carne. Eu dizia que o Helder deveria ter vivido alguns dias mais. Se bem que eu quisesse comer muito no Natal no Huambo, os mais velhos aconselharam-me a não comer muito porque não era bom. Depois daquilo, andámos por aldeias que nos levaram até à Zâmbia.

Na Zâmbia, vivemos em Ndola, uma cidade da província de Copperbelt. No início, eu estava muito entusiasmado pela Zâmbia porque era mesmo diferente da Angola que tínhamos deixado. Uma coisa certa, tínhamos sempre comida na Zâmbia. Às vezes, quando eu tinha um dinheirinho, eu comprava leite e bolachas que comia em grande quantidade, para compensar os maus dias em que morríamos de fome e sede quando estivemos nas matas de Angola.

O primeiro problema que enfrentei na Zâmbia foi que eu não falava as línguas locais – bemba e inglês. Mas contudo aprendi muito depressa o Inglês; mas mesmo assim eu falava com um forte sotaque Português que soava estranho para os zambianos, que se riam de mim. Alguns rapazes começaram a chamar-me "Angola"; isto deixava-me muito nervoso porque eu queria ser como qualquer outro rapaz. O meu grande desejo era ser tratado como zambiano e não como angolano. Em Angola a guerra estava continuando.As pessoas que vinham de lá contavam-nos muitas histórias sobre a dura vida que os que lá ficaram estavam enfrentando.

Escrito por Sousa Jamba, um angolano que vive em Londres. Ele é um bom jornalista e escritor. Encontra-se um pouco mais da sua história na página 8.

CARLOS GUARITA/REPORTAGE/STILL PICUTRES

Food distribution centre for war refugee children in Lubango, Huila Province

In Zambia we settled in Ndola, a town in the Zambian province of Copperbelt. At first, I was very excited about Zambia because it was very different from the Angola we had left behind. For one thing, there was always food in Zambia. Sometimes, when I had some pocket money, I would buy myself milk and biscuits that I ate in large quantities to make up for the days when we had been in the Angolan jungle and almost dying with thirst.

The first problem I faced in Zambia was that I did not speak the local languages – Bemba and English. I did, however, learn English quite fast; but even then I spoke it with a strong Portuguese accent, which sounded quite strange to the Zambians, who laughed at me. Some boys took to calling me 'Angola'; and this often made me very angry as I was desperate to be like any other boy. My ardent wish then was to be thought of as a Zambian and not an Angolan. The war in Angola was still going on. People who came from there kept telling us many stories of the hardships which those who had remained in the country were facing.

Written by Sousa Jamba, an Angolan man living in London. He is a successful journalist and writer. Some more of his story is on page 8.

A VIDA NA INGLATERRA
LIFE IN BRITAIN

PORTUGUESE

O meu coro em Londres

Ainda me lembro das lindas vozes do meu coro em Luanda. Em Angola, louvamos o Senhor com as nossas vozes nos momentos de tristeza e de alegria.

Agora em Londres eu pertenço à Igreja Baptista de Willesden Green. As pessoas que frequentam esta igreja são refugiados de Angola, Congo, Zaire e Gabão. Todos os domingos vou de Shoreditch à igreja. Também costumo lá ir nas segundas-feiras e quintas-feiras à noite para o ensaio do coro.Dirijo o coro dos homens, a maioria são angolanos e zairenses. Cantamos em inglês, português, francês, lingala, kikongo e swahili. Também cantamos nas igrejas e nos casamentos em todas as partes de Londres. Uma vez cantámos no Albert Hall. O coro era então designado "Coro de Filadélfia". Também canto com um grupo de quatro outros angolanos. Somos chamados Banyongo. Cantamos em kikongo e damos concertos. Além de cantar também toco batuque e outros instrumentos. Acabamos de fazer uma cassette.

Escrito por José Manuel do Nascimento, conhecido por Josmanasci, um angolano que vive em Londres. Ele trabalha como voluntário para a OCA-RU, e está a tirar o curso de pastor. Este relato foi originalmente escrito em português. Encontram-se mais alguns dos seus escritos na página 30.

My choir in London

I still remember the beautiful voices of the church choirs in Luanda. In Angola, we praise the Lord with our voices in sadness and in joy.

Now in London I belong to the African Baptist Church which meets in Willesden Green Baptist Church. All the people who go to this church are refugees from Angola, Congo, Zaire and Gabon. I travel to the church every Sunday from Shoreditch. I also go there on Monday and Thursday evenings for choir practice. I run the men's choir. It's called 'The Seraphs Choir'. There are 23 men in our choir, mostly from Angola and Zaire. We sing in English, Portuguese, French, Lingala, Kikongo and Swahili. We sing at churches and weddings all over London. Once we sang in the Albert Hall. Then the choir was called 'La Philadelphia Choir'.

I also sing with a group of four other Angolan men. We're called Banyongo. We sing in Kikongo and we give concerts. As well as singing I also play the drum and other percussion instruments. We've just made a cassette.

Written by José Manuel do Nascimento (known as Josmanasci), an Angolan man living in London. He is a voluntary worker for OCA-RU (The Organisation of the Angolan Community in the UK) and is training to be a priest. This account was written originally in Portuguese. Some more of Josmanasci's writing is on page 30.

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PORTUGUESE

Uma receita angolana : Cozido de bacalhau

Este é o prato preferido nas ocasiões especiais em Angola. Comer este prato em Angola significa a união da família nestas ocasiões especiais.Aqui na Inglaterra, quando preparo este prato particular, sinto a nostalgia dos amigos, parentes e sinto saudades da terra. Este prato me faz lembrar os momentos felizes na minha terra, e boas memórias da minha família. O prato é preparado da seguinte forma:

Ingredientes :
1/2 kg de batatas
4 porções de bacalhau salgado
Repolho
Ovos (facultativo)
1 dente de Alho
1 cebola
1 pimento verde
Azeite doce (oliva)
Azeitonas

Deixe o peixe na água durante a noite para tirar o sal, mas tome cuidado para não perder todo o sal. Descasque as batatas e coza-as, depois tire- as da água.
Coza o repolho e os ovos numa panela separadamente. Depois tire o repolho da água, mas não deite fora a água do repolho.
Enquanto isto, aqueça o azeite, juntando o alho picado, a cebola e o pimento cortados aos quartos. Ponha o bacalhau no azeite, mexendo bem, cuidado porque o bacalhau não deve ficar seco. Pôr o bacalhau e o repolho na panela das batatas, com um pouco da água do repolho. Mexa bem, e cozinhe durante 10 – 15 minutos em fogo brando. Sirva quente, com salada, azeitonas e ovo cozido.
Bom apetite.

Escrito por Cecília Toko, uma mulher angolana que vive em Londres. Encontram-se mais escritos seus na página 31.

An Angolan recipe: O cozido (stew)

This is a favourite dish for special occasions in Angola. Eating this dish in Angola symbolises the togetherness of the family at those special occasions. Here in Britain, when I cook this particular dish I am nostalgic for my friends and relatives and feel homesick. It reminds me of happy moments back home, and fond memories of my family. This is how you make it:

Ingredients:
1/2 kg of potatoes
4 portions of dried salted codfish
cabbage
eggs (optional)
1 clove of garlic
1 onion
1 green pepper
olive oil
olives

Leave the dried codfish in water over night to remove the salt, but take care you don't leave it so long it becomes tasteless.

Peel the potatoes and boil them, and remove them from the water.

Boil the cabbage and eggs in separate saucepans. Remove the cabbage from the water, but keep the cabbage water.

Meanwhile, heat the olive oil in a saucepan, and fry the garlic, onion and green pepper. Put in the codfish, mixing well, but be careful not to over fry.

Put the cabbage and potatoes in with the codfish mixture, with a little of the cabbage water. Mix well, and cook for about 10 – 15 minutes, reducing the heat.

Serve warm with salad, olives and the boiled eggs. Bon appetit!

Written by Cecilia Toko, an Angolan woman living in London. Some more of her writing is on page 31.

JENNY MATTHEWS

Drying sardines to sell in the market, Angola

PORTUGUESE

A minha experiência do 'college'

Na Grã-Bretanha, queria uma carreira em electrónica, já que trabalhei por cinco anos como técnico da ENATEL (Empresa Nacional das Telecomuniçações) em Angola. Queria continuar no mesmo ramo de trabalho que já tinha iniciado.

Em 1986, fui para a Escola Técnica de Bromley, onde eu morava. Eles me disseram que já não havia lugares. Não estava tão certo se isto era verdade ou se por acaso eles não queriam um estudante de cor que não falava muito bem a língua inglesa. Com certeza que me senti discriminado.

Fui aos serviços de orientação profissional em Bromley. Eles me aconselharam a ir à Escola de Brixton se bem que isso fosse muito longe. Depois de me matricular aí na Escola de Brixton fui junto com os outros novos alunos para a sala de classe indicada pelo nosso professor do curso. A minha primeira ideia foi procurar entre os estudantes, para ver se poderia encontrar algumas caras familiares ou alguém que falasse ou o português ou o francês. Dei uma olhadela ao redor da sala de aula e por instinto eu reconheci que a resposta era não. Respirei fundo e disse a mim próprio para ser paciente, isso era apenas o primeiro dia.

O professor do curso dividiu a classe em dois grupos. Havendo nós todos um denominador comum: o desemprego. Estava muito entusiasmado no início do curso mas depois de uma semana realizei que estava a tirar o curso errado. Estava a fazer um curso de dois anos em electrónica. Eu já tinha feito isto tudo em Angola. Pensei que estava a fazer o curso de acesso de um ano que estava sendo admnistrado noutro lado da Escola, que eu esperava que pudesse levar-me ao que era então a Politécnica de South Bank.

Estava tão confuso, desanimado e zangado comigo mesmo porque não tinha compreendido a divisão da Escola. Em vez do curso de acesso estava gastando mais tempo, devido à minha ignorância, num curso de dois anos. Descobri que no curso de acesso já não havia lugares e não poderiam aceitar-me ou a nenhum outro atrasado. Depois de uma semana recebi uma pequena nota da secretaria da Escola dizendo que antes de

My college experience

In Britain, I wanted a career in electronics or engineering as I'd worked for five years as a technician in Angola for ENATEL (*Empresa Nacional das Telecomunicaaoes* – the telecommunications company). I wanted to continue the line of work I'd started.

In 1986, I went to the college in Bromley where I lived. They said they had no places. I wasn't sure if this was true, or if they just didn't want a black student who didn't speak English very well. I certainly felt discriminated against.

I went to the careers office in Bromley. They advised me to go to Brixton College, although it was a long way away. After enroling at Brixton College I went along with the other new students to the classroom indicated by our course tutor. My first idea was to look among the students to see if I could find some familiar faces or someone who spoke either Portuguese or French. I had a quick look round the classroom and by instinct I knew that the answer was no. I took a deep breath and told myself to be patient, it was only the first day.

The course tutor split the class into two groups. All of us had one common denominator: unemployment. I was very enthusiastic at the beginning of the course but after a week I realised I was doing the wrong course. I was doing a two year B.Tech. course in electronics. I'd done all the work before in Angola. I thought I was doing the one year Access course which was held at another site of the college, which would hopefully lead me to the then South Bank Polytechnic.

I was so confused, dejected and angry with myself since I hadn't understood the division of the college. Instead of the Access course there I was spending more time because of my ignorance on a two year course. I found out that the Access course was full and couldn't take me or any other late comers.

After a week I received a little note from the college office saying that before I could join the class I had to clear

Agostinho Mbala working for ENATEL in Lubango, with a Japanese technician

assistir às aulas tinha que comparecer aí para esclarecer uma coisa.

Fui à secretaria e para minha grande surpresa a senhora de lá disse-me que algo estava errado nas minhas propinas. Tinha que pagar £109 (cento e nove) libras em vez de £1 (uma) libra porque eu vivia em Bromley e a minha zona não fazia parte das zonas da ILEA.[1] Pensei rapidamente com uma pequena oração, e logo antes de eu dizer uma palavra, a maravilhosa senhora perguntou-me se eu tinha um amigo que vivesse nas zonas da ILEA cujo endereço eu podia usar.

Recordei-me que tinha um amigo Ganense que morava em Lewisham, mas não pudemos localizar o seu endereço no mapa. Deste modo a senhora da secretaria disse que não podia aceitar este endereço e eu tinha que pensar novamente. Então perguntei depois a um novo colega, de Marrocos se eu podia usar o seu endereço e ele disse: 'Claro que sim, não há problema, porque não'? Voltei à secretaria de Escola e entreguei à prestável senhora o meu novo endereço e resolvi o problema das propinas. Agradeci-lhe com um grande sorriso.

Quanto ao curso de acesso, o meu professor disse que ele ia tomar algumas providências necessárias para eu me matricular no curso de acesso provavelmente no próximo ano académico. A partir daí voltei toda a minha atenção para o curso e fiz bons progressos. Fui eleito como representante do curso pelo meu grupo assim ajudando no funcionamento da Escola. A Escola de Brixton foi uma grande experiência e durante os meus dois anos ali fiquei com algumas ideias da sociedade britânica. Esta experiência ensinou-me que o meu asilo neste país não vai ser fácil.

Eu tinha apenas estudado o inglês técnico em Angola, assim ao mesmo tempo que eu ia à Escola assistia também às classes de inglês em Bromley no curso dos adultos. Vejo agora como era boa a minha professora de inglês, ajudando-me a melhorar o meu inglês escrito, o meu vocabulário e a minha gramática. Ao fim, acabei por fazer os dois anos no curso de electrónica e depois fiz um curso de três anos na Universidade de Middlesex em electrónica e admnistração. Acabei dois anos atrás o meu curso e apesar de me candidatar a muitos empregos continuo desempregado. Isto é muito frustrante.

Escrito por Agostinho Mbala, um angolano vivendo no Sul de Londres. Mais alguns dos seus escritos estão na página 27.

[1] *ILEA: A Autoridade Educacional Interna de Londres*

BRIAN MORRISON

Agostinho Mbala in London

something there. I went to the office and to my big surprise the woman there said there was something wrong with my fee. I had to pay £109 instead of £1.00 because I lived in Bromley and my area wasn't part of the Inner London Education Authority area. I thought quickly with a little prayer, and then before I could say a word, the lovely woman asked me if I had a friend living in the ILEA area whose address I could use.

I recalled having a Ghanaian friend who had moved to Lewisham, but we couldn't find his address on the map. So the woman in the office said she couldn't take his address and I should think again. So later I asked a new classmate, from Morocco, if I could use his address and he said, 'Fine, no sweat, why not?' I went back to the college office and gave the helpful woman my 'address' and solved the fee problem. I thanked her with a big smile.

As for the Access course, my course tutor said he would be making some arrangement for me to join the Access course, probably the next academic year. From then on, I turned my full attention to the course and made some good progress. I was elected as course representative by my group and helped to run the college. Brixton college was quite an experience and during my two years there I got some insights into British society. This experience taught me that my asylum in this country was not going to be easy.

I had only learnt technical English in Angola so at the same time as going to college, I attended adult education classes in English in Bromley. I realise now how good my English teacher was, helping me to improve my writing, my vocabulary and my grammar. In the end, I spent the two years doing the B.Tech. course and then I did a three year degree course at Middlesex University in electronics and management. I finished the course two years ago and despite applying for lots of jobs I am still unemployed. It is very frustrating.

Written by Agostinho Mbala, an Angolan man living in south London. Some more of his writing is on page 27.

A VIDA DE REFUGIADO
LIFE AS A REFUGEE

PORTUGUESE

Entendendo coisas

Eu sou angolano e africano. Passei a minha infância em Angola. Gozei a minha infância. Vivia com os meus pais e andei na escola primária. Tive muitos amigos, aprendi muitas coisas, tivemos brincadeiras interessantes, e eu gostava muito destas coisas.

À medida que eu fui crescendo comecei a compreender as razões da guerra civil no meu país.As grandes potências foram os promotores do sofrimento dos angolanos.

Já faz um ano que estou em Londres. Tenho 17 anos e a vida aqui é bastante difícil para mim. Em primeiro lugar, porque não falo bem o inglês e quando não se é capaz de se exprimir as pessoas aqui ignoram-nos. Também as pessoas aqui parecem egoístas. Mas na minha infância gostei do que aprendi acerca da Inglaterra, mesmo sem conhecer a realidade.

Escrito por Beto Alexandre, um jovem de 17 anos que vive em Londres.

Understanding things

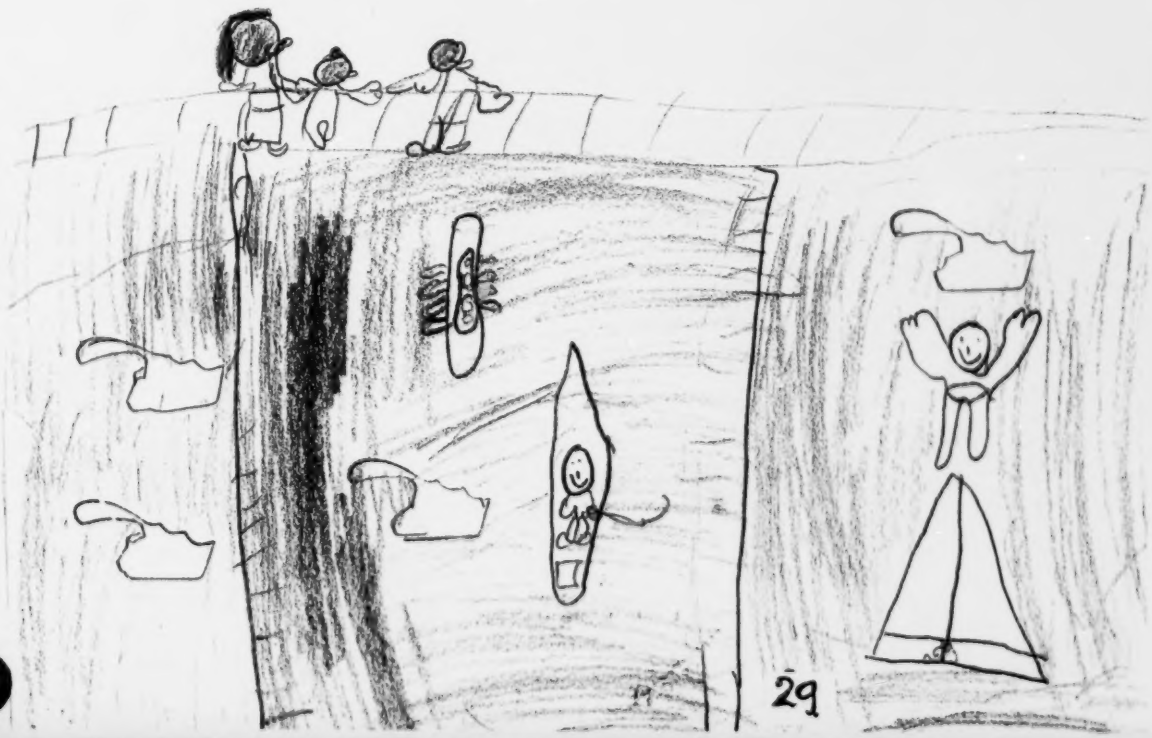
I am an Angolan and an African. I spent my childhood in Angola. I enjoyed my childhood. I lived with my parents and I went to primary school. I had so many friends, I learned so many things, I played lovely games, and I used to enjoy all those things.

As I was growing up I started to understand the reasons for the civil war in my country. The superpowers were the promoters of the suffering of the Angolans.

I came to London and have been here for almost one year. I am 17 years old and life for me here is rather difficult. First of all, that's because I don't speak English very well and when you can't express yourself very well people ignore you. Also people here seem more selfish. However in my childhood I liked what I learnt about England, even without knowing what it was like.

Written by Beto Alexandre, a 17 year old young man, living in London.

In Angola I used to go with my Mum and Dad to the seaside and waterfalls, drawn by Solange Gonçalves (age 8)



PORTUGUESE

Não é caminho fácil

Dedico este poema particularmente à minha querida mãe e a todos aqueles que vivem longe dos entes amados num país alheio.

Não é fácil deixar os entes queridos
Longe e perdido num mundo alheio
Com a promessa que cada dia nos traz um novo amanhã
Apesar das montanhas dolorosas que se devem subir
E às vezes as coisas não serem aquilo que parecem ser
Sê corajoso para o novo amanhã
A vida não é um sonho vazio
Na alvorada haverá novas pegadas
Vendo, vais de novo ter coragem
Não é caminho fácil, não é caminho fácil
A minha mãe disse-me

Escrito por Agostinho Mbala, um angolano que vive no Sul de Londres.

PORTUGUESE

É difícil ser um refugiado

Quando era criança não sabia o significado da palavra refugiado.

Depois do fracasso da democracia em Angola em 1992 e o recomeço da luta entre a UNITA e o MPLA fui obrigado a deixar o meu país. Vim para Inglaterra e comecei uma nova vida.Não falava inglês. No início foi muito difícil, mas encontrei alguém que falava espanhol, que eu compreendia um pouco (a minha primeira língua é português). Ele disse-me para ir ao Home Office. No Home Office pediram-me para explicar o meu problema, o que achei muito estranho, pois eles conhecem os problemas de Angola. A partir daquele momento senti-me realmente como um refugiado.

No início vivia num hotel em Croydon. As condições eram péssimas. O hotel fechava todos os dias entre as 11 horas da manhã até às 5 horas da tarde. Tínhamos que sair e voltar às 5 horas da tarde com o Júlio, o meu amigo que encontrei lá, andávamos sem destino debaixo da chuva e frio durante todo o dia.

No easy road

This poem is dedicated particularly to my dear mother and to those living away from loved ones in an alien country.

Not easy departing loved ones,
Far away stranded in an alien world.
With a promise that each day shall bring a new tomorrow,
Even though there are painful mountains to climb,
And sometimes things are not what they seem.
Be courageous for a new tomorrow,
Life is not an empty dream.
In the dawn, a new set of footprints
Seeing, shall take heart again.
No easy road, no easy road,
My mother told me.

Written by Agostinho Mbala, an Angolan man living in south London. Some more of his writing is on page 25.

It is difficult to be a refugee

When I was a child I did not know the meaning of the word refugee.

After the failure of democracy in Angola in 1992 and the renewal of fighting between UNITA and the MPLA I was obliged to leave my country. I came to England and started a new life. I did not speak English. It was very difficult when I first arrived but I found somebody who spoke Spanish which I could understand a little bit (my first language is Portuguese). He told me to go to the Home Office. At the Home Office I was surprised because they asked me to explain to them why I had come to England. But they knew the problems of Angola.

CRISPIN HUGHES

This Angolan refugee lives in a bed and breakfast hotel in London; he is waiting to hear if he will be granted refugee status

Mudei de Croydon para Elephant and Castle. Ao mesmo tempo comecei o curso de inglês na Casa Internacional. E lá encontrei-me com pessoas que tinham os mesmos problemas que eu. O ambiente era muito bom e os professores eram muitos simpáticos. Depois da Casa Internacional fui para o "College" de Lambeth onde continuei o meu curso de inglês. No "College" encontrei-me com europeus, africanos, asiáticos e latino-americanos. Trabalhamos a sério no "College". Na minha sala de aulas no "College" sentia-me muito bem pois era o lugar aonde me sentia em paz e esquecia-me dos meus problemas. Em casa penso muito acerca da minha vida de refugiado, problemas de racismo e da minha família e amigos que estão em Angola. É muito difícil ser um refugiado.

Escrito por António Lumengo Nsilu, um angolano que estuda no "College" de Lambeth em Londres.

From that moment I really felt like a refugee.

I lived in a hotel in Croydon at first. The conditions were very bad. The hotel closed every day between 11.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. We had to go out and come back at 5.00 p.m. With my friend Jules, who I met there, we walked around in the rain and cold all day.

I moved from Croydon to Elephant and Castle. At the same time I started to study English at International House. There I met people in the same situation as me, and other people from other countries who had come here to study English. The atmosphere was very good and the teachers were very friendly. After International House I went to Lambeth College to study English further. At college I've met people from Europe, Africa, Asia and South America. We work very hard at college. In my classroom at college I feel very good because it is the place where I feel at peace and forget all my problems. At home I think a lot about my refugee life, the problems of racism, and my family and friends who are in Angola. It is very difficult to be a refugee.

Written by Antonio Lumengo Nsilu, an Angolan man studying at Lambeth College, London.

PORTUGUESE

Deixando Angola

Senti saudades quando deixei Angola – esta rica e bonita terra onde as pessoas são sempre acolhedoras e simpáticas, para vir para a Europa. Aqui há um ambiente completamente diferente, o clima frio, a barreira da língua e dificuldades de adaptação a esta cultura e a este clima. Tenho muitas saudades dos meus pais e amigos que estão em Angola, sofrendo com os outros. Estão passando fome, doenças sem medicamentos, sem roupas, pessoas morrendo de tiros, fome e frio.

Como estou estudando, quando voltar um dia para Angola, gostaria muito de ajudar os outros e ver o meu país num melhor estado. Estou impaciente pois gostaria de ver Angola como era anos atrás, sem todas as compliçações que o meu querido país está enfrentando hoje.

Escrito por uma menina de 15 anos que estuda na Escola Norte de Westminster, Londres. Este relato foi originalmente escrito em português.

Leaving Angola

I was nostalgic leaving Angola – that rich and beautiful land where the people are always welcoming and friendly, to come to Europe. Here there is a totally different environment, cold weather, a language barrier and difficulties in adapting to the culture and the weather.

I greatly miss my parents and friends who are in Angola, suffering along with others. They are facing hunger, illnesses without medicines, no clothing, and people dying from shooting, starvation and cold.

As I'm studying, when I return to Angola one day, I would very much like to be able to help others and see my country in a much better state than it is now. I yearn to see Angola like it used to be years ago without all the complications that my beloved country is facing nowadays.

Written by a 15 year old girl at North Westminster School, Westminster, London. This account was originally written in Portuguese.

Women collecting cockles from Luanda bay during a cholera epidemic

JENNY MATTHEWS

CRISPIN HUGHES

An Angolan refugee in Britain, studying English

PORTUGUESE

Porque é que eu estou aqui?

Não é meu desejo estar aqui – antes o desgosto e tristeza que vivi. Nasci numa terra fértil que hoje tornou-se deserto, rica hoje pobre. Não é da minha própria vontade estar aqui. Estou aqui porque a minha família foi assassinada, o meu amigo perdeu uma perna, e a minha namorada perdeu o seu braço direito e um olho. E aqui estou aprendendo uma nova língua, criando novas amizades, vivendo uma nova liberdade. Se um dia Angola volta a ser Angola de novo, visitarei a campa da minha mãe e do meu pai e chorarei nas campas dos meus irmãos. Quando eu voltar à minha terra natal gostaria de levar os meus amigos, para que eles possam admirar a beleza de Angola: a baía de Luanda, as montanhas de Leba no sul do deserto de Namibe. Os meus amigos vão apreciar os pratos angolanos; peixe, feijão, kizaca, legumes e bananas. Quando eu voltar ... Porque é que eu estou aqui?

Escrito por José Manuel do Nascimento (conhecido como Josmanasci), um angolano que vive em Londres. Trabalha como voluntário para OCA – RU (A Organização da Comunidade Angolana no Reino Unido) e se está treinando para ser um pastor. Este relato foi primeiramente escrita em português. Mais alguns dos escritos de Josmanasci estão na página 22.

Why am I here?

It is not my own wish that I am here – rather the sorrow and sadness I've gone through. I was born in a fertile land turned barren, a rich land turned poor. I am not here by my own volition. I am here because my family was murdered, my friend lost a leg and my girlfriend lost her right arm and eye.

Here I am, learning a new language, making new friends, living a new freedom. If one day Angola becomes Angola again, I shall visit the cemetery of my mother and father and I will weep by the graves of my brothers.

When I go back to the country of my birth I would like to take my friends so they can admire the beauty of Angola: of Luanda Bay, the mountains of Leba in the south and the Namib desert. My friends will enjoy eating Angolan dishes: fish, beans, cassava, vegetables and bananas.

When I go back... Why am I here?

Written by José Manuel do Nascimento (known as Josmanasci), an Angolan man living in London. He is a voluntary worker for OCA-RU (The Organisation of the Angolan Community in the UK) and is training to be a priest. This account was first written in Portuguese. Some more of Josmanasci's writing is on page 22.

PORTUGUESE

Esperança para o futuro

A situação dos Angolanos é muito difícil neste momento. Bem que eu estou bem sossegada aqui em Londres ainda tenho boas lembranças do meu país, dos meus parentes e amigos que ali ficaram. Espero sinceramente que um dia teremos uma paz duradoura em Angola onde toda a população viverá em boa harmonia.

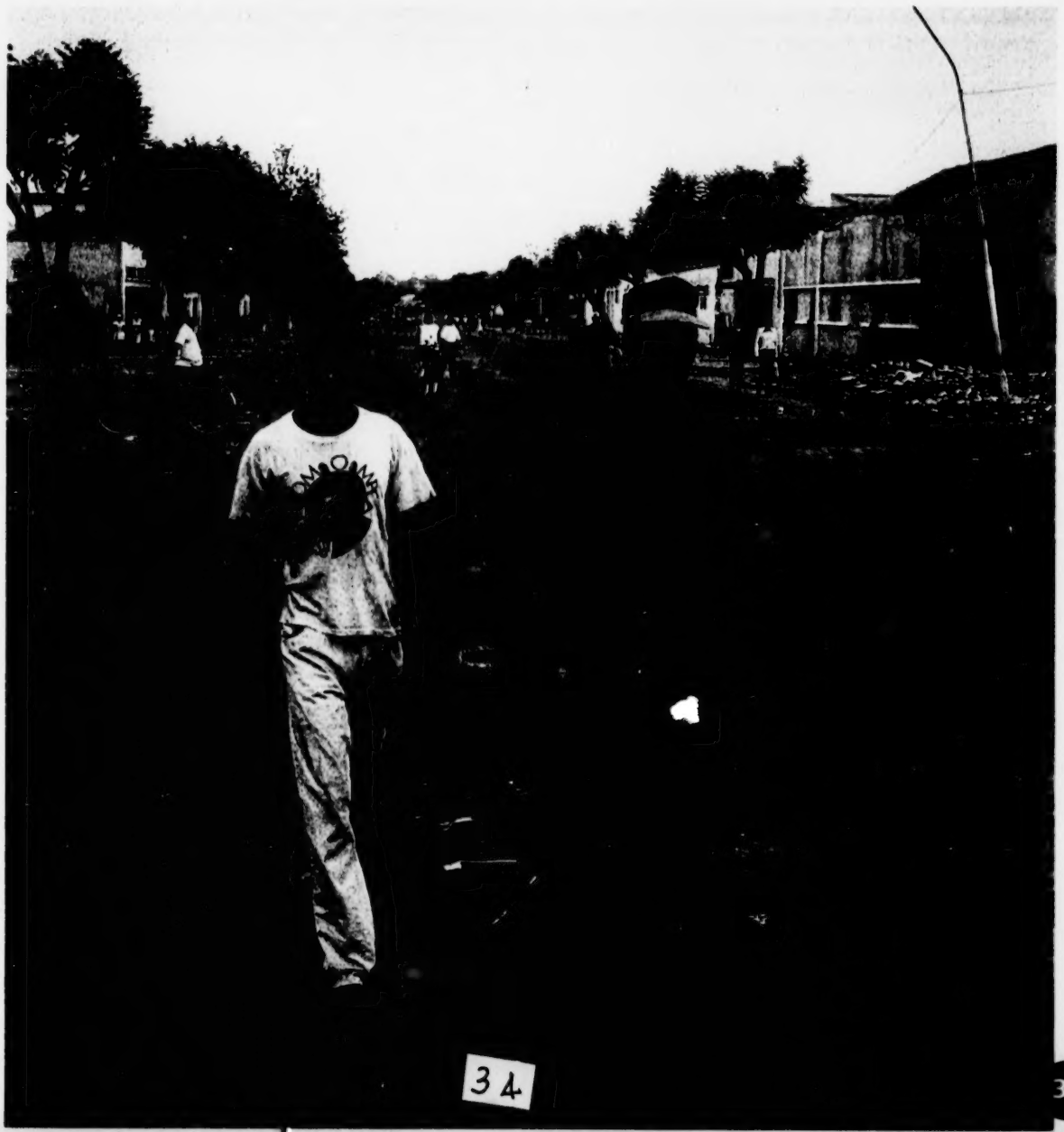
Escrito por Cecília Toko, uma angolana vivendo em Londres. Alguns escritos dela estão na página 23.

Hopes for the future

The situation of the Angolan people is very difficult at the moment. Although I am well settled here in England I do still have fond memories of my country, my relatives and my friends left there. I sincerely hope that one day there will be a true and lasting peace in Angola, where the whole population will live in good harmony.

Written by Cecilia Toko, an Angolan woman living in London. Some more of her writing is on page 23.

Government soldiers in Luena, Moxico province, 1992



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Resources for teachers

BOOKS – NON-FICTION:

Africa South of the Sahara 1995, London, Europa Publications, 1994, pp 133-157.

Angolan Women: Building the Future – from National Liberation to Women's Emancipation, London, Zed Books, 1984. *Account by a women's collective of the impact of politically/socially active women in Angola.*

Bender, G.J., *Angola Under the Portuguese: the Myth and Reality*, London, Heinemann, 1978. *Useful background on pre-independence Angola.*

Birmingham, David, *Frontline Nationalism in Angola and Mozambique,* London, James Currey, 1992.

Kapuscinski, Ryszard, *Another Day of Life,* London, Pan Books, 1987. *Personal account by a journalist of the last months of Portuguese rule in Angola.*

Minter, William, *Account from Angola: UNITA Described by Ex-participants and Foreign Visitors,* African-European Institute, 1990. *Gives overview of UNITA's operations inside Angola, its relations with South Africa, and its human rights record.*

Mohanty, Susama, *Political Development and Ethnic Identity in Africa: A Study of Angola Since 1960,* London, Sangam Books, 1992. *Clear and well-written examination of relationship between political development and ethnic antagonism – looks at obstacles to harmonious coexistence of regional and ethnic identities.*

Somerville, Keith, *Angola: Politics, Economics and Society,* London, Frances Pinter, 1986. *Describes history and policies of the MPLA, together with survey of the history of the colonial period and liberation struggles.*

BOOKLETS, BRIEFING PAPERS, FACT SHEETS:

Land Mines in Angola, London, Africa Watch, 1993. *Comprehensive but brief overview including focus on threat to civilians.*

Angola: Civilians Devastated by 15-Year War, London, Africa Watch, 1991.

Angola: Assault on the Right to Life, London, Amnesty International, 1993. *Accounts of human rights abuses with details of which groups and individuals were being particularly singled out.*

Vines, Alex, *What Went Right and What Went Wrong? Angola and Mozambique,* London, Catholic Institute for International Relations, 1995. *A look at international attempts to resolve the conflict in Angola.*

Vines, Alex, *One Hand Tied: Angola and the UN,* London, Catholic Institute for International Relations, 1993. *Useful background to many of the problems militating against a lasting peace. Includes detailed map.*

Angola: The Possible Peace, London, Catholic Institute for International Relations, 1991. *Short booklet summarising prospects for the effective reconstruction of Angolan society: many of the issues are now of renewed relevance.*

Angola: Highlight Sheet, London, Christian Aid. *Useful factsheet.*

Angola: Building for the Future... Despite the World's Worst War, London, One World Action, 1994. *Booklet on relief efforts. Graphic quotes from Angolans and good photos.*

Emergency Update: Angola, London, Save the Children Fund, 1994. *Newsletter detailing background to the crisis and SCF's efforts to address it.*

BOOKS – FICTION:

Novels

Jamba, Sousa, *A Lonely Devil,* London, Fourth Estate, 1993. *Examines the issues surrounding torture.*

Jamba, Sousa, *Patriots,* London, Penguin, 1990. *Semi-autobiographical story of an Angolan refugee who flees to Zambia as a child, before returning to fight in Angola's civil war.*

Xitu, Uanhenga, *The World of 'Mestre' Tamoda,* London, Readers International, 1988. *Vivid satirical novel, written while the author was in prison in Angola.*

Poems

Moore, Gerald and Beier, Ulli (eds.), *The Penguin Book of Modern African Poetry,* London, Penguin, 1984. *Contains work by Angolan poets.*

Wolfers, Michael (ed.), *Poems from Angola,* Oxford, Heinemann Educational 1979.

Zimunya, M. (ed.), *Birthright,* Harlow, Longman, 1990. *Anthology of poems from southern and central Africa including Angola.*

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

MATERIALS ON REFUGEES:

International Broadcasting Trust, *Refugees in Today's Europe: An Action Video Pack,* 1992. *A video with accompanying activities for 14-plus, available from Academy Television, 104, Kikstall Road, Leeds LS3 1JS.*

Melzak, S., and Warner, R., *Integrating Refugee Children into Schools,* Medical Foundation for Care of Victims of Torture and Minority Rights Group, 1992. *Six-page leaflet for teachers on the psychological aspects of working with refugee students. Single copies available free with an A4 SAE from Minority Rights Group.*

Rutter, Jill, *Refugees: We Left Because We Had To, Refugee Council,* 1991. *For 14-18 year olds – background information and activities.*

Rutter, Jill, *Refugees: A Resource Book for 8-13 year olds,* Refugee Council, 1992.

Rutter, Jill, *Refugee Children in the Classroom,* Trentham Books, 1994. *For teachers and others who work with refugee students – background information and ways of supporting refugee students. Includes a section on refugees from Angola.*

USEFUL ADDRESSES:

Africa Book Centre,
38 King Street, London, WC2E 8JS
Tel: (0171) 240 6649 or (0171) 497 0309

Amnesty International (Publications Department),
British Section, 99 Rosebery Avenue, London EC1 4RE
Tel: (0171) 814 6200

Catholic Institute for International Relations,
Unit 3, Canonbury Yard, 190a New North Road,
London, N1 7BJ
Tel: (0171) 354 0883

Christian Aid (Supporter Relations Department),
35 Lower Marsh, London, SE1 7RG
Tel: (0171) 620 4444

Human Rights Watch/Africa
(formerly known as Africa Watch),
33 Islington High Street, London, N1 9LH
Tel: (0171) 713 1995

OCA-RU (The Organisation of the Angolan Community in the UK),
Christ Church, Mowll St, London, SW9 6BE
Tel: (0171) 587 1679

One World Action, 5th Floor, Weddel House, 13-14
West Smithfield, London, EC1A 9HY
Tel: (0171) 329 8111

Refugee Council,
3 Bondway, London, SW8 1SJ
Tel: (0171) 820 3000

Save the Children Fund,
17 Grove Lane, London, SE5 8RD
Tel: (0171) 703 5400

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